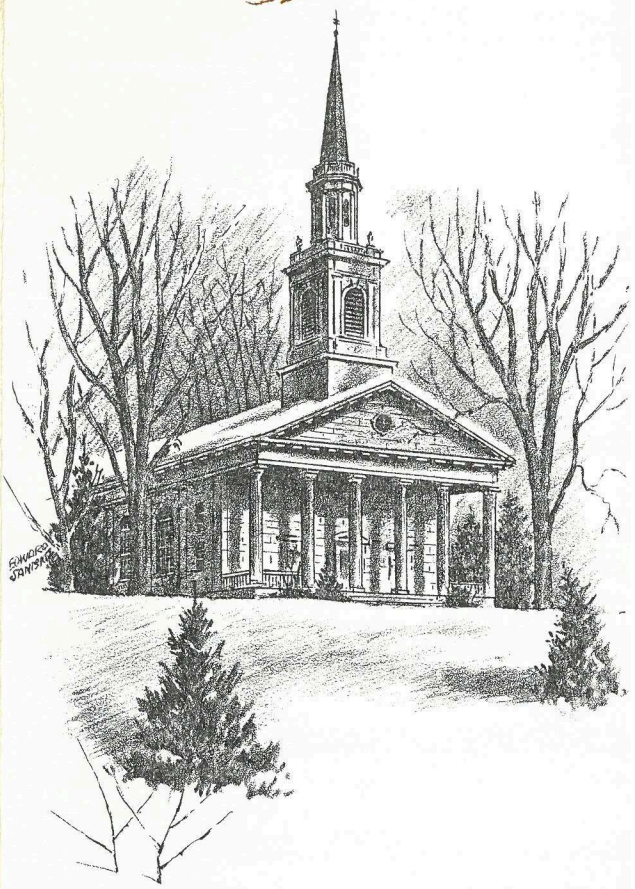

Greetings from Middlebury

THE CHAPEL CHIME

The sun has sunk behind the hills,
And darkness settles down;
The holy hush of Christmas Eve
Broods o'er the quiet town.

And now upon the vibrant air,
As mindful of the time,
The bells beneath the beacon light
Ring out a Christmas chime.

"O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by"—
The loveliest of Christmas hymns,
It rises to the sky.

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around"—
A glory fills our heaven, too,
Responsive to the sound.

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold"—
O happy we to whom anew
The glorious tale is told.

And may the notes be carried on,
In carol and in hymn,
Beyond the stream, beyond the hill,
Beyond the mountains' rim,

Till Middlebury's children all,
Howe'er remote their clime,
Shall hear the song the angels sang,
And bless the chapel chime.

— C.B.W.

Twenty-nine years ago this poem was the Christmas greeting of Professor and Mrs. Charles Baker Wright. This year it carries to you best Christmas wishes from Middlebury College.